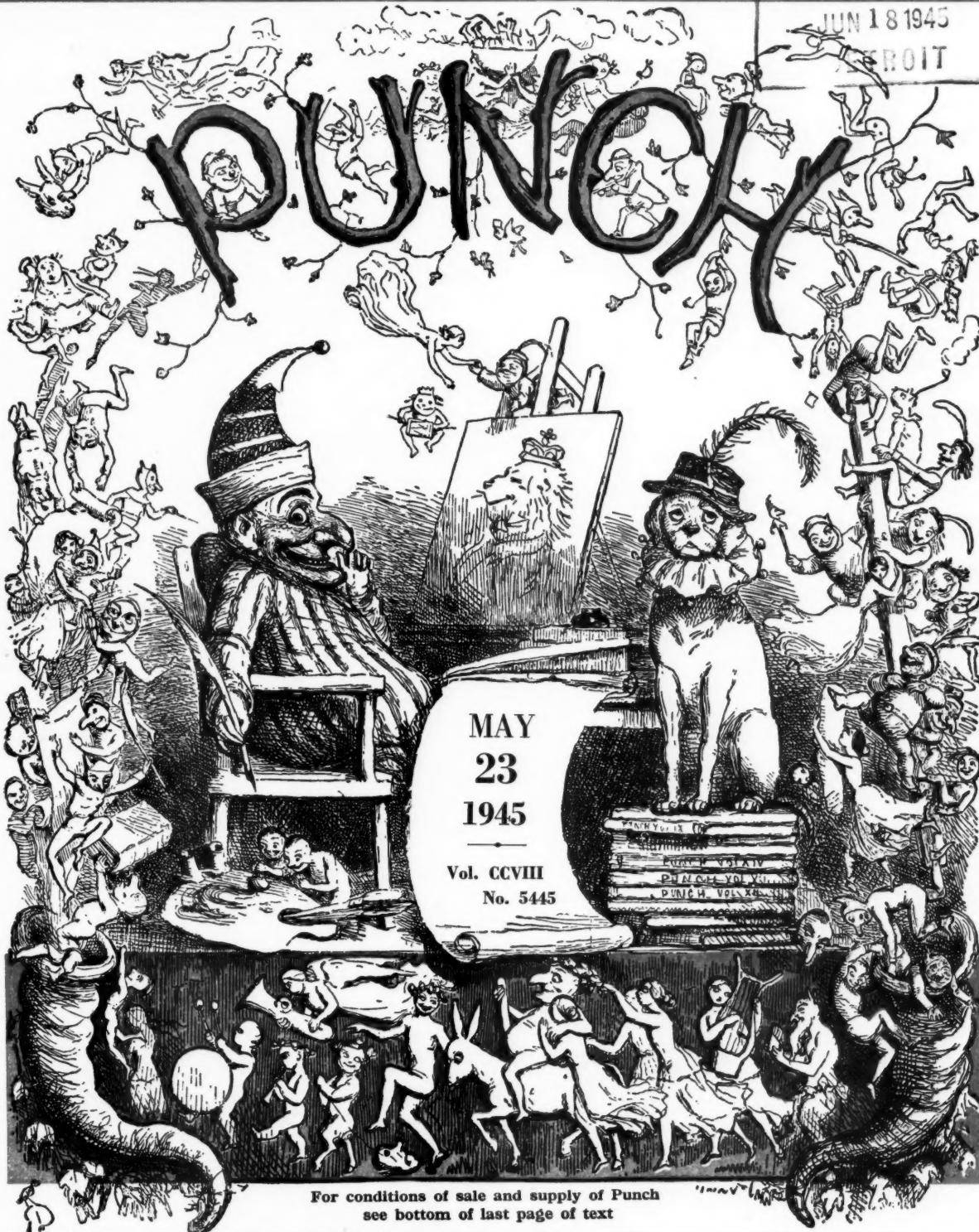


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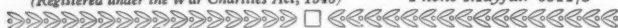
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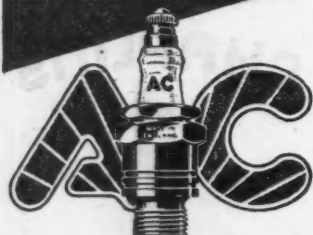
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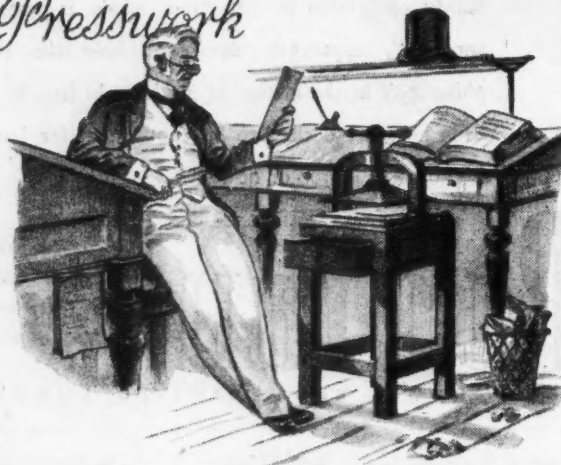
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BRITISH GAS COUNCIL, LONDON, S.W.1.

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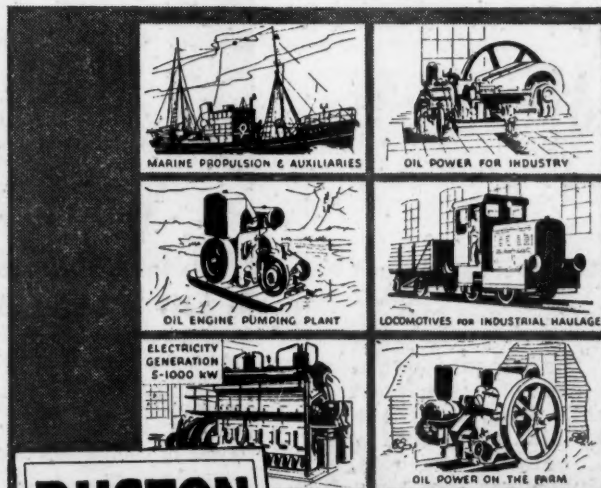
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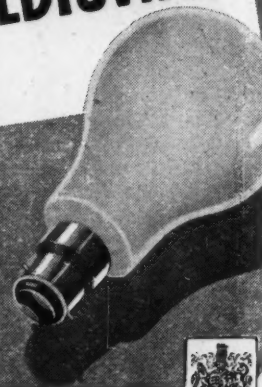
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# JAEGER



For late spring and summer — a gaily gallant Box Coat in many colours cut with the classic verve always associated with Jaeger. There is a limited quantity only of the coat illustrated, but this is one of the many distinctive garments to be found in the Jaeger Collection.

JAEGER HOUSE, 204, REGENT ST., W.1, OR GO TO YOUR NEAREST JAEGER



## Preparing to be a Beautiful Lady

"Carol smiles and the world is bathed in sunshine" says Daddy in a moment of poetic inspiration. Carol laughs at his nonsense — she would much rather be bathed in Pears. For her Mummy has told her that it is Pears Soap and clear water which are surely Preparing her to be a Beautiful Lady.

## PEARS SOAP

*We regret that Pears Transparent Soap is in short supply just now.*

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GP 377/96



## As easy to make as a cup of tea says OLD HETHERS

Since you cannot buy Robinson's Barley Water in bottles for the time being, you will do well to take Old Hethers' advice and make it for yourself from Robinson's 'Patent' Barley. The simple directions are on the tin; and if you cannot get hold of a lemon or an orange for flavouring, use the juice of stewed or tinned fruit; honey or jam.

Barley Water from  
**ROBINSON'S**  
'Patent' **BARLEY**



# PUNCH

or

*The London Charivari*



Vol. CCVIII No. 5445

May 23 1945

## Charivaria

ONE sign that the war is nearly over, says a writer, is the appearance of golfers. To say nothing of several coveys of bowler hats in Whitehall.

A giant gooseberry has been reported from Devonshire. This is all very well, but the Japanese war isn't over yet.



A 400-year-old oak has been felled in Lancashire. It was 84 feet high and crashed with a broad accent.

"Our military commentators, on the whole, have kept their feet on the ground," says a Frinton correspondent. It is felt that when they are officially stood down they should, like the Home Guard, be allowed to keep their boots.

### San Francisco Food Front

"In the evening the big four had a long dinner-party, at the end of which it was evident that all were well satisfied with their achievements."—*Daily paper*.

Japan is beginning to fear that unless Russia very soon comes into the war against her she will be too late to be deserted by the Allies in her struggle against Bolshevism.

The turn of events in Europe has had a profound effect on the Japs. From now on they are fighting to prevent the spread of what they originally started a war for.

A variety artist suggests that the first comic script ever broadcast by the B.B.C. should be put into a radio museum. When they've finished using it, of course.



The National Farmers' Union wants a phone on every farm. This would enable the Ministry of Agriculture to deliver its tracts right in the farmer's teeth.

According to an article, it takes fourteen pairs of hands to get one bottle of beer from brewery to consumer. Our own observation suggests that there are far more fingers in the pie.

Beautiful spring tints prevail in our countryside, despite the fact that it is not so well wooded owing to war-time demands for timber. Nature-lovers await with impatience the time when rural scenic beauties will be further enhanced by the appearance of colourful hoardings.



Grass is one of England's glories, an article proclaims. It is a magnificent achievement on the part of our gardeners, in spite of their better intention.

So the weather is with us again. Recent thunderstorms in the Channel are thought to have been part of the official ceremony connected with the depressions from Iceland taking over once more from the Straits of Dover.

### Pessimists' Corner

"He said that all young people should be taught mate selection, as every marriage in ten is doomed to failure, and the ratio is increasing..."  
*Sunday paper.*

Children fresh from secondary schools are to help the authorities to improve income-tax efficiency. This is another argument for raising the school-leaving age.



## Peace

PEACE with a thousand flags above  
And all men freed from bondage,  
Peace with the circumambient dove,  
Peace with the olive frondage,  
Peace (I infer) undimmed by doubt  
Has dawned for every nation,  
And, saving where the beer runs out,  
With mild intoxication.

Yet still a phrase runs through my head,  
Amidst the cheers and laughter,  
Before the bonfires' smoke was dead  
It lingered and long after,  
Not all the bunting there might be,  
Bought from a million drapers,  
Prevented it from haunting me—  
I found it in the papers.

Peace with the songs and bells and lights,  
And loud enthusiasm,  
See when you bring us back our rights  
That every people has 'em!  
Peace, the desired, the long delayed,  
Withhold your satisfaction,  
From "territorial settlements made  
By unilateral action"! EVOR.

## Our Open Forum

### XVII—Civil Service Reform

Mr. George Suss, who makes this timed contribution to our series of chats on Reconstruction, is a boon companion. He is forty-five but looks less than his five feet eight inches. A rugged independent, he refuses to toe the party line and keeps himself. His sonnet "On Waterloo Bridge," completed in 1944, earned him a sharp reprimand from Mr. Herbert Morrison. In spite of his multifarious activities he still finds time to indulge his favourite pastimes of auctioneering, week-ending and holidaying. His P.A.Y.E. code number is 34. One of the first men to realize the dangers of Fascism, Mr. Suss became openly critical of the Hitler regime in 1940. He volunteered for evacuation in 1941. It would be inaccurate to say that he is either lividate or fulvous.

IN his book *Metropolitan Serf*, Mr. Geoffrey Ormskirk says: "Every other person you meet in that vast ant-hill of futile endeavour which the modern world knows as London, but which the Romans called *Londinium*, is a black-coated worker. And every fifth of these other persons is a helpless cog in the infernal machine of a decadent bureaucracy." Strong words, those, my friends. Too strong, perhaps.

I cannot agree that the Civil Servant is helpless. Only

The fact that goods made of raw materials in short supply owing to war conditions are advertised in this paper should not be taken as an indication that they are necessarily available for export.

the other day I was talking to a "high up" in the Board of Trade. He laughed grimly when I told him about my forthcoming lecture. "The Civil Servant problem has never been more serious," he said. "They're here to-day and gone to-morrow, independent, truculent and expensive. And, my dear fellow, the breakages!"

"What do you put it down to?" I asked.

"Partly to all this loose talk about social security," he said, "and partly to the fact that evacuation has given them a glimpse of the great world outside Whitehall."

He was sceptical about every suggested reform.

I cannot believe that things are so bad. What do Civil Servants want? First, I think, they wish to abolish promotion by seniority. As things are, a Civil Servant cannot hope to be in a position to marry much before the age of thirty or forty. He has about twenty years, therefore, in which to sow his wild oats. This is far too long. Just think of the cereals you could sow in twenty years! No wonder London streets are untidy!

You see the devilish cunning behind this scheme? Married in his forties, say, the poor fellow is in his dotage by the time his boys are grown up and employable. He is in the deepest of ruts, violently reactionary but desperately anxious to secure economic stability in his remaining years. In such a state he guides his sons into the profession that offers no advance without security. And it was precisely thus that Lord Toyn, whom I regard as the founder of the service, intended the species to be preserved for all time.

How can he tackle this new revolt? Instead of promotion by seniority let us reward our Civil Servants on the bonus principle. There is a vast amount of legislation to be drafted and engineered through Parliament. Very well, then let us give each department a financial interest in its work; and let every one of its servants share equally in the proceeds. Tentatively I suggest £10 for a successful First Reading, £5 for a Second Reading, £30 at the Committee Stage, and so on. In addition there would be special talent money awarded to individuals for good prose style, deportment, etc.

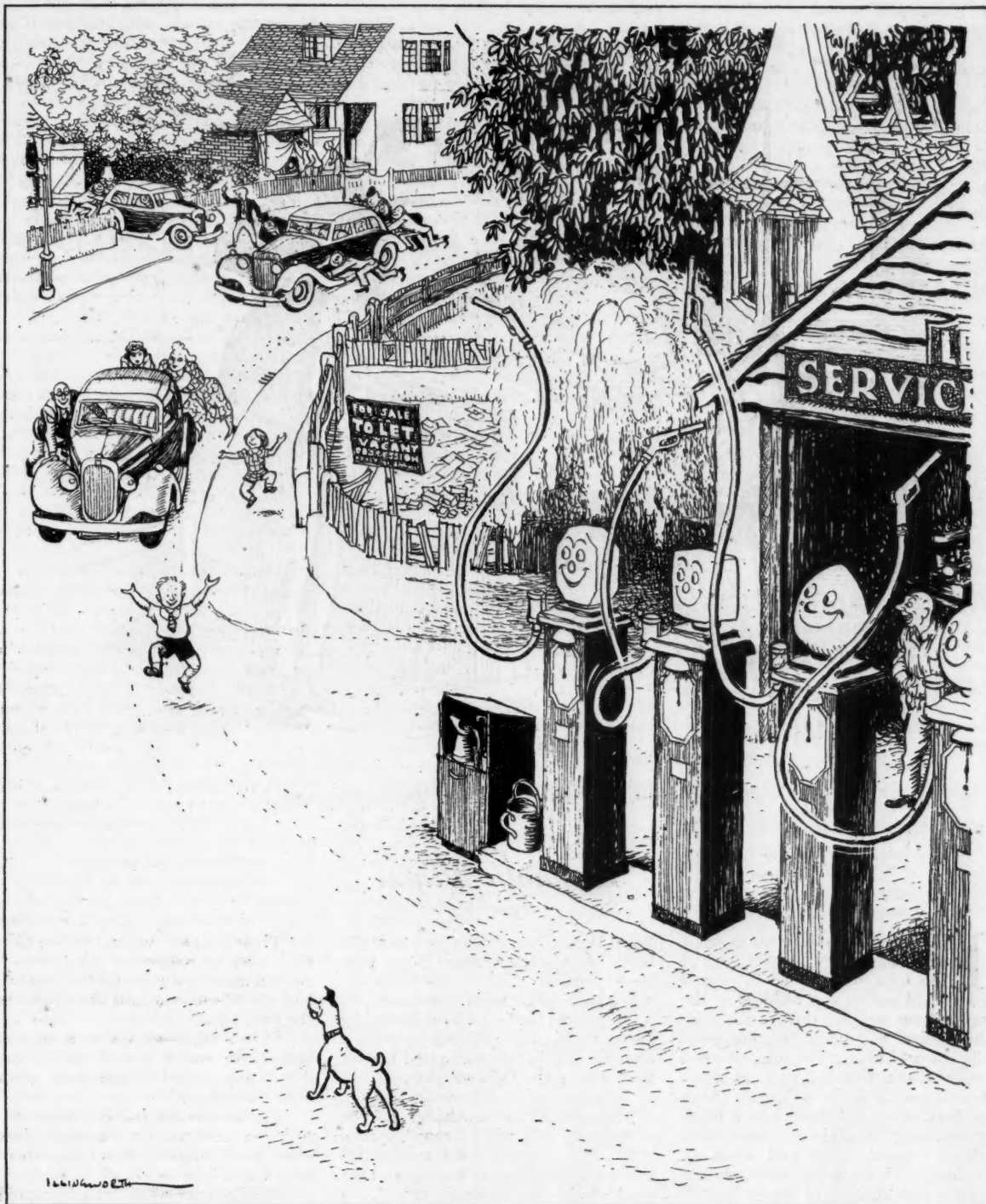
It used to be said that Civil Servants, like the fountains in Trafalgar Square, play from 10 A.M. to 5 P.M. This is manifestly unjust. A certain amount of ping-pong still goes on, it is true, but the old mid-morning seven-a-side cricket in Green Park has been cut down pretty ruthlessly. Shortage of tackle, for one thing. All the same it should be recognized that all work and no play knocks a lot of memoranda into shape. A voluntary sacrifice of their games periods, on certain afternoons, should be the Civil Servants' contribution to the new order.

Civil Servants have a genuine grouse against the practice of reshuffling ministers. It is very disconcerting (at the Home Office, say) to have a new chief, fresh from the Ministry of Agriculture,\* thrust upon you as soon as you have broken in the former Minister of Works. It takes time to get used to the new man's tweeds and broad dialect. The problem might be solved by making ministers exchangeable only on payment of stiff transfer fees.

I have said nothing about women in Civil Service. For them many of the most acute problems do not exist. They are not of course promoted by seniority. Moreover—and I am very proud of this—I have not once mentioned red tape. But I have said enough, I hope, to start you talking. Somehow we must get this bitter black-coated pill out of our system. How, it is for you to decide.

HOD.

\* To say nothing of the Fisheries



### THE OIL RUSH

"Here they come, boys!"

[The basic petrol ration is to be restored.]



*"That war-time china seems to be pretty poor stuff!"*

## Romantic Places

Palestine

**T**HE Air Commodore sat in front with the Group Captain. I had the back of the car to myself and looked out of the window at the orange trees weighed down with gold. Ahead of us, beyond the smaller green hills, towered Mount Hermon, crowned with a shimmering brilliance of snow. We slowed a little while an Arab shepherd drove his sheep into a ditch by throwing handfuls of stones, then gathered speed again and went on climbing. Through the back window I got a last glimpse of Nazareth.

The Group Captain pointed through his off-side window to the plain below.

"It used to be just there," he said—"you can still see some of the remains."

"Really," said the Air Commodore, leaning over. I leant over too.

"But of course there's been nothing

doing there for a year or two now; all these small Maintenance Units were closed down."

I leaned back again.

"Who was the C.O.?" asked the Air Commodore, still straining to catch a glimpse of a bit of corrugated iron or the ruins of the Officers' Mess.

"Group Captain Floodside."

"Not old Buster Floodside! Do you mean to say he's only a Group Captain, still? Why, Buster and I were flight-lieutenants together in Baghdad. That would be in—let me think, now . . . I suppose you haven't got an Air Force List in the car . . .?"

A cart-load of oranges flamed up in front of us. The Group Captain hooted a prolonged and piercing hoot and shouted something which sounded unkind.

"These people," he said, as we sped on, "have no road sense whatsoever." Behind us the pathetically tiny donkey had already moved into the middle of the road again.

"Didn't Shugwell have a station somewhere round here?" asked the Air Commodore—"some sort of a hush-hush place?"

"I believe he did, before I came out. A Wing Commander Westbull took over from him—it was somewhere near Cana."

"Not Cana of Galilee!" I interrupted rudely, leaning forward again; "why, that's the place where—"

"That's right," said the Group Captain—"where there was a bit of trouble over leakage of information about the—"

"Not old Tubby Westbull?"



"Chap with an eye-glass."

"Good lord, yes, that would be old Tubby Westbull, all right. And still a Wing Commander, eh? Why, when I was with him in India..."

Three women appeared in the road before us, carrying pitchers on their heads. They steadied them with one hand at the sound of the Group Captain's hooter and moved without haste to the side of the road.

"These people," said the Group Captain, "wander about in a dream half their time." He shouted out of the window at a large Arab on a small donkey.

"So there was a bit of trouble, was there?" said the Air Commodore, musingly.

"We're running into Cana now," said the Group Captain, as we began to descend steeply, and added presently, as we swerved through the narrow streets—"that's supposed to be the well."

"What well?"

"You can't see it now, but it's always pointed out by the guides as the well."

I craned out of the back window, but we were already leaving the village behind.

"Where was Tubby's place?" asked the Air Commodore.

"Oh, that's the other side of the village. Would you like to make a detour and have a look at it?"

"It seems a pity to miss it, when we're so near."

"There's nothing to see, actually. They pulled all the buildings down, you know. Not even a Care and Maintenance Party left."

"Oh, well—if there's nothing to see..." said the Air Commodore. But I could tell he was disappointed.

"If we get as far as Bethlehem," said the Group Captain, sensing the chill in the atmosphere, "we might get a look at the Motor Transport park there. I think it's still on the go."

"I should like that," said the Air Commodore, brightening, and the conversation turned to the price of motor-cars in England, the shortage of Staff cars, the cost of living in a post-war world, and so to the inexhaustible topics of acting ranks and maximum pensions.

The hills and valleys of Palestine went spinning by. Then we began to descend, so steeply and continuously that my ears seized up as if coming in to land by air. I held my nostrils and blew to regain my hearing.

"... quite a decent little pub," the Group Captain was saying—"although I'm afraid the gin is only local."

"I know. I've been there before.

They did us quite a decent steak last time."

"They still do quite a decent steak."

A great expanse of water was opening out below us. I did not have to ask what it was; I knew that it was the Sea of Galilee. "That's Galilee, isn't it?" I said.

"Lake Tiberias," said the Group Captain.

"And aren't the rocks on the other side the ones that the Gadarene swine rushed down?"

"The pub," said the Group Captain, "used to be run by Germans, but they've been interned now."

The sun was brilliant as we drew up outside the small hotel. The Group Captain said we had better leave our hats in the car, and he would lock it up. You never knew, he said, with these people.

We stood for a moment or two looking out over the lake. It was blue-green, and very still. Nearby some soldiers were unloading a lorry full of oil-drums; one of them was singing "Roll Out the Barrel."

"Well, what about a drink?" said the Group Captain, and as we turned towards the hotel I noticed a small brass plate beside the door. It said:

GALILEE DEVELOPMENT COMPANY  
LIMITED

Registered Office—

"It's an extraordinary thing," said the Air Commodore when we were in

the cool little bar—"but exactly the same thing's happened as when I was here last time." He hitched at his khaki shorts. "Must be some curious quality in the climate."

"We're two hundred feet below sea-level here," said the Group Captain. "What's happened?"

"It's most extraordinary." The Air Commodore hitched again. "All the goodness seems to have gone out of the elastic in my underpants."

"Extraordinary," said the Group Captain, surveying with distaste a bottle of gin labelled "London Fizz."

J. B. B.

#### Shuttle Service

"RETURNEES ARE GOING BACK"  
Headline in "The Star."

#### Whoopee!

"On VE Day the National Museum of Antiquities will remain open until 5 p.m., and will open as usual the following day to enable those on holiday to visit the exhibition, 'From the Stone Age to the '45.'"

The Scotsman.

#### Ghost Story

"LONDON, Thursday.—A battle is being fought on the edge of a Ruhr pocket within a few hundred yards of a cavern containing millions of pounds worth of art treasures... The bones of Emperor Charlemagne (died 814) are there, together with his crown, spectre and golden cups."—Sydney paper.



"Excuse me—do you happen to have a copy of 'The Times' for April 5th?"

## At the Pictures

DONALD AND DORIAN

OR the new stuff designed to clean up over the Whitsun week-end, I have at the moment seen only DISNEY's *The Three Caballeros*; so we'd better begin with that. It is a kaleidoscopic scrap-heap. You know already that it has sequences in which the cartoon characters invade the straight photographs, though when the publicity declares that this is done "for the first time on the screen" I may be permitted to recall once more those "Out of the Ink-Well" short films which undoubtedly did it about twenty years ago. Not so well, of course; the passages in which it is done here are miracles of painstaking (and I think misguided) ingenuity. Personally I'd much rather have straightforward Disney, and preferably a continuous story too. But once again we get a collection of oddments; linked, this time, by the device of suggesting that they are all films given, with a projector, to *Donald Duck* on his birthday. The other link, such as it is, is that nearly all the films are about South America, and I was visited by the unworthy suspicion that most of them consist of stuff left over from the enormous mass of material collected for *Saludos Amigos*. (Other reminiscences: the ramshackle train (*Dumbo*), the flying donkey (*Dumbo* and *Pinocchio*), the race-track episode (*Ferdinand*), the dancing abstract designs (*Fantasia*), the maps (*Victory Through Air Power*), and the penguin business, and the other bird business, which has been very nearly approached in Silly Symphonies.) Moreover, *Donald's* ravenous pursuit of flesh-and-blood feminine beauty, and the dream sequence connected with it, struck me as evidence of a determination to satisfy the armed forces' craving for the sight of pretty girls. An atmosphere not out of place in *Up In Arms* seems a

bit questionable in a Disney. All the same, of course, the film is continuously (though restlessly) entertaining, and of course you won't miss it.

The linking device used in *The Picture of Dorian Gray* (Director: ALBERT LEWIN) is the off-screen voice. It was the only way to get in some of the highly-coloured prose that is the main excuse for WILDE's novel; the

principle seems to have been to gabble in the hope of getting to the end of the sentence before the audience began to cough. This hope of course is vain. As usual with a popular audience, the only epigrams that are listened to and get any real laughs are those concerning "Men" or "Women"; "When a woman . . ." or "When a man . . ." is the signal to the average moviegoer that he is called on to display a little

high-class amusement. But out of the richly ornamented surroundings, among people not expected to speak in epigrams (back-stage in the East End, for instance), the talk often sounds painfully stilted.

HURD HATFIELD has the difficult job of playing *Dorian* and suggesting a life of terrifying vice, a nature of almost unmitigated depravity, while (by the very terms of his assignment) looking continuously blank. Nevertheless he does quite well; one can't use the word "verisimilitude" in discussing so artificial a fable, but he seems to fit with the rest of the absurdity. The camera-work is well-managed: it is pleasant, for example, to recognize the skill with which one's eye is drawn, at various appropriate moments, to the image of the cat. This is an uneven film, but—considering what the book was, and what Hollywood might have done to it—a surprisingly worthy one.



J.H. DOWD

INTO THE NIGHT

Philip Marshall . . . . . CHARLES LAUGHTON

dialogue has its epigrams, most of them entrusted to GEORGE SANDERS as *Lord Henry Wotton*, but the incense-breathing melodrama of the story itself, the story of a man who "gave his soul" for the sake of staying young while his portrait aged, could not be trusted to make its appeal unadorned to a modern film audience. Apart from this commentary and *Lord Henry's* remarks, indeed, one gets a general impression of throaty, quick, almost gabbled English; the guiding

*The Suspect* (Director: ROBERT SIODMAK) is a remarkably interesting murder film without any puzzle but with a great deal of suspense. CHARLES LAUGHTON has I think his most satisfactory part for years as the respectable suburban householder who murders, first his unpleasant and malicious wife and then the drunken, sponging neighbour who blackmails him. He is in the end brought to justice, or rather manoeuvred into letting his conscience drive him to justice, by a Scotland Yard inspector of extraordinary histrionic ability. The picture has much extremely pleasing photography and is definitely worth seeing. R. M.

[The Suspect

## Fair Commentary

**T**HERE is a fair on the common. Do you like fairs?

Yes, father. Take us to the fair. Perhaps mother will take you to the fair. I will go later with uncle.

Mother will not take us to the fair. She says it is a man's work to take us to the fair.

Is it not lucky that I am on holiday? Put on your coats and hats.

Off we go to the fair. My wife comes with us. She pushes my youngest daughter in her perambulator.

My youngest daughter smiles. No doubt she is happy. The whole world is her fair. My second daughter smiles a faraway smile. She is thinking of the roundabout. My eldest daughter smiles cunningly. She has seen an ice-cream stall in the distance.

Soon we are eating ices. My youngest daughter cries for another. I am strong-minded and laugh at her. She bellows with rage. An interested crowd collects. I buy my youngest daughter another ice. I buy more ices for my other daughters. To show undue favour to one would be detrimental to the interests of the family as a whole.

In the distance there is music. The roundabout has started. My youngest daughter says "La-la!" She has reached the summit of earthly happiness. My second daughter says "Lovely music!" She can see the animals going up and down and round and round. My eldest daughter says nothing. She has seen a board threatening ICES near the roundabout. She presses forward.

Fifty metres from the roundabout we say good-bye to my wife and my youngest daughter. Twenty metres from the roundabout we are beaten back by the music. It is a dance record amplified to thirty-six times its natural strength. I draw my daughters out of the direct line of fire. We approach the roundabout by a devious route. We use all available cover. Too late I find that one excellent patch is an ice-cream stall.

At last we reach the roundabout from the rear. My eldest daughter mounts a motor-cycle. My second daughter bestrides a swan. I give them sixpence and retire with all convenient speed.

The roundabout begins to move. The smiles on the faces of my daughters broaden in proportion to the speed of the roundabout. It does one hundred and sixteen revolutions at maximum speed. Then it slows up. The music dies away. All is still.

My daughters remain in position. I persuade my eldest daughter to exchange her motor-cycle for a dragon. But I cannot persuade my second daughter to forsake her swan. I find another sixpence. The roundabout starts again.

I go to a coconut shy in search of change. I give the lady in charge a pound note. She hands me three wooden balls and thirty-nine sixpences. She exhorts me to show the boys how to throw.

I deliver my first ball with great force and knock a synthetic coconut on to its side. I deliver my second ball with even greater force and knock a second synthetic coconut on to its side. The lady in charge remarks that when she was a little girl her poor old father used to tell the boys never to give up heart. After watching two unsuccessful throws he would advise the boys to knock the coconut into the middle of the following week.

I coil myself like a spring. I pause. There is a hush of expectation. Then I propel my third ball with shattering force. It knocks a third synthetic coconut into the middle of next term. The lady in charge is surprised. But she is a fair lady in more senses than one (though perhaps not in all). She offers me a prize. I select a large mug.

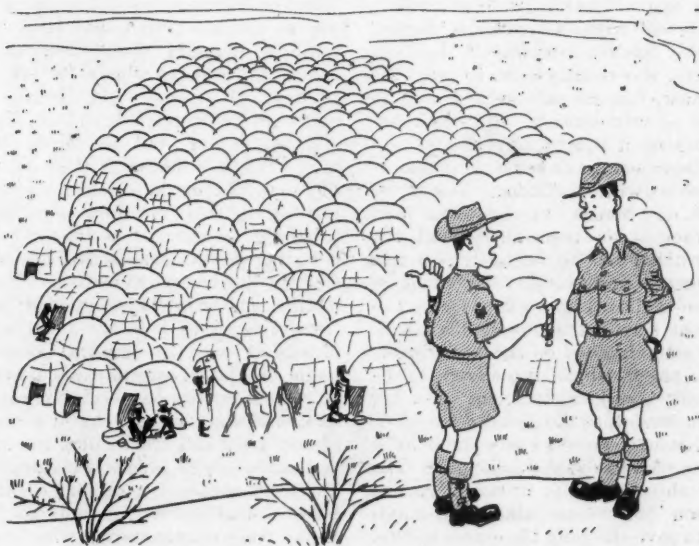
I explain that it will help to remind me of her poor old father. She offers me another sixpennyworth. I tell her that I will come back later and introduce my brother-in-law. I hurry back to the roundabout.

I cannot detach my second daughter from her swan. After a time I entice my eldest daughter to the swing-boats. I persuade her to roll pennies down a groove. I instruct her in the use of fruit-machines. It is understood that I supply the pennies and she collects all prize-money. She returns to the roundabout to spend it.

At last it is time to go home. I am cold and hungry. The sixpences are all gone. I explain to my second daughter that the fair has already cost me a substantial proportion of my taxed income. She refuses to believe this. She weeps. I carry her off.

On the way home I make as if to go by the ice-cream stall. My eldest daughter at once puts out a gale warning. My second daughter sobs as if her little heart will break. I happen to know that it is harder to break than a synthetic coconut.

But I go into the ice-cream stall. I draw another pound note from my pocket. The attendant fills my mug with ice-cream and gives me fifteen shillings change. We go home in triumph.



"You'll find the chap in a little round hut made of skins in the shopping centre."



## The Memoirs of Mipsie

By Blanche Addle of Eigg

### XIV—Fortune's Wheel

CONSTANT was unfortunately no mathematician, and he would have been far wiser to admit frankly to this failing instead of attempting to work out systems for roulette and baccarat which were quite beyond his mental powers and cost Mipsie thousands of francs in testing. It also meant a time of great loneliness for my poor sister, who would sally forth by herself each day after locking her husband into his room as a gentle encouragement to work.

During these months of enforced widowhood many strange and dramatic things happened to her, as is ever the way in her vivid life. One evening she was walking through the casino gardens when a certain Russian nobleman, a few yards ahead, drew his revolver and placed it to his temple! She was just in time to strike his hand away, so that the bullet sped harmlessly into a passing peasant. In gratitude, he gave her his magnificent sable-lined cape before taking prussic acid. On another occasion she became involved—innocently of course—in a daring plot to rob the casino. A rich Cuban had recently arrived in his luxury yacht and had aroused the interest of the whole of Monaco by his dark handsome features and flashing eyes, as well as by his strange, somewhat unusual habits, such as picking his teeth with a jewelled dagger. Mipsie, always fascinated by the bizarre, was equally keen to meet the stranger, but no one seemed able to effect an introduction. But my sister is nothing if not unconventional and impulsive—she once achieved acquaintanceship with a famous 'cellist by throwing herself at his feet and embracing his instrument—and she determined not to be beaten in this instance. Accordingly, she smuggled herself on board his yacht disguised as a great sheaf of madonna lilies and, thus attired, posed on the dining table at a party which transpired to be entirely composed of men. To her astonishment, as the dinner proceeded, she heard discussed every detail of a daring plot to rob the *salle privé*. The only thing missing, apparently, was someone of irreproachable social standing to give the gang the entrée to that millionaires' haven. Such was Mipsie's excitement at these words that several madonnas trembled and fell off her. The company, seeing what was

beneath the snow-white petals, rose as one man, as the Cuban handed her down from the table and filled her to the brim with champagne.

"Gentlemen," said Mipsie to gain time, "I am at your disposal."

Somehow or other the casino administration got wind of the plot, however, before Mipsie could warn them. The Cuban and his accomplices left Monaco as suddenly as they arrived and were never seen again. The curious thing is that when the former, in a rage, demanded who had betrayed them, the *Chef de Sûreté* replied enigmatically, "Nobody, M'sieur. Our suspicions were aroused by the company you keep"—a remark that remains a mystery to this day. But when Mipsie sought an interview with the casino authorities and told them that she had intended to inform on the gang that very day, they only smiled and bowed her out. No large reward, as is customary when a fraud is exposed. Such is official gratitude.

After that things went from bad to worse with Constant and my poor sister, who were often hard put to it to know where their next *millé* was coming from. Then suddenly, Fortune's wheel turned once more. Constant, who was decidedly clever with his hands, had made himself a roulette wheel on which to test his systems. It was so much admired that there was quite a demand from their many friends for roulette wheels for private parties. Of course, not being an expert, it was impossible to make them absolutely true, but as Mipsie told him, that only added to their charm, like crazy beams in an old house (she has often told me how she loves anything crooked), and she also encouraged him to paint each one slightly differently, so as to give them distinction. Orders poured in, and things began to look up a little for Mipsie as with the money Constant made she played carefully and astutely at private parties only—for the casino had somewhat lost its charm since a system they had tried called the *coup de poivre*—which involved making the croupier sneeze at a certain point, I believe—had seemed in some way to annoy the management, who being foreigners had of course no sense of humour.

Then, without warning, the blow fell. Mipsie had just broken the bank on

one of Constant's wheels at a private party given by a Grand Duke, when, to the astonishment of all, an American woman, who had lost heavily, accused my sister of playing on inside knowledge of the wheel.

Mipsie, like any loyal wife, appealed to her husband.

"Constant," she demanded, "are you going to sit there and hear me insulted?"

The incredible, the unforgivable thing then happened.

Constant said "Yes."

She left him next day and came, like a wounded bird, to Bengers. Even so she might have returned to him, for he wrote her a letter of abject apology, saying that he was so used to agreeing with her over everything that the words had automatically slipped out. But while she was considering what was best to do his uncle, Lord Parsimony, died and cut his nephew out of his will entirely. Mipsie felt that he must have had good cause to take such a drastic step, since before his marriage to Mipsie Lord Parsimony had always declared his nephew to be his heir. "If only I had known that he was really worthless I would never have married him," poor Mipsie said bitterly, when I gave her the cheque for her divorce expenses, which her husband was unable to pay.

Constant has continued to go downhill, I fear. He lived on in the South of France, where a friend of Addle's saw him just before the war, clad only in old flannel trousers with nothing above them. "What's happened to your shirt, Constant?" called out our friend. Constant's reply, in execrable taste, shows the depth of his descent. "I put it on the wrong wife," he is said to have answered. M. D.

## News from Germany

MY DEAR MOTHER,—Some people are going to have some surprises coming to them fairly soon, and among them should be numbered General Smith.

General Smith is not his actual name, but it is a translation of his name. The General comes from one of the more eastern parts of Europe—it would be unkind to specify which—and at the moment he is residing in a former prisoner-of-war camp in Germany. That was where I met him.

The General is a fine-looking man, of about fifty, and seems to be remarkably well. This, he explained, was entirely due to his personality. "I am

sent," he said, "to a farm in the hills, and the farmer is a stupid man, a very stupid man. He says that he is expecting that I work on his farm. I say, no, in my country generals do not work thus. I command, I administer, I advise. I do not work. Now in my country we do not keep pigs that way. We keep them *this* way. So I am telling him.

"Soon I am showing him everything," the General went on. "I am showing him with the herds and with the geese and with the horses. I am very good with the horses as I am a superb man on horseback. Very soon I am living there and have taken there some of my men to do the work and we have a very good farm. He has also an attractive wife."

I asked the General why he left this paradise in the hills, and he looked at me in surprise.

"How can I be staying when Germany is defeated?" he said. "The war is over and it is not proper for a general to be working then. It is a pity perhaps, for your Army food, while it satisfies, is lacking in some of the refinements. Your baked beans, for example . . . Have you eaten pigs' feet cooked in red wine? That I could show you, as I showed the very stupid farmer. He did not want to use red wine, but I said no one but a barbarian would use anything else, and his wife said 'If His Excellency will be kind enough to show us,' so I am showing them. If you will bring me some pigs' feet and some red wine I shall also show you."

I said nothing. It was no good trying to explain that the Military Government detachment with which I was staying were, at the moment, too busy to round up a few pigs' feet and some red wine.

The General now lives a more dignified life. The prisoners' camp is not far from the town—or, rather, what is left of the town—and every morning the General strolls in to inspect the ruins. Looking at the ruins is his present hobby. He covers the town area systematically, morning by morning. The other day I met him by the remains of the railway station.

"It is good, is it not?" he said happily, waving towards a line of burnt-out passenger coaches. "When I am coming here I was refused, yes, refused, the right to travel in a coach suitable to my rank. Now I am looking at those coaches with contempt. And the shops in which we were not allowed and the tramcars in which we could not travel and the barracks in which I was placed. All are burnt. It is most satisfactory."

The General ignores any men that he sees. To the women he is courtesy itself. He salutes them gravely and some of them are sufficiently startled to nod uneasily in reply. "There are some things," he said, "that war cannot destroy, even in the heart of a general. Chivalry is one." The children, boys and girls, he hits lustily about the head if he can get within reach. "Only thus," he explained, "can you show these stupid. If they are not taught when young they will never be taught at all."

Not that the General is completely contented with his present existence. He has a car. It is old and battered and my guess is that it once belonged to the farmer in the hills. Now it has no petrol and the General assumes, mistakenly, that I have access to stores of petrol. "There are many places of interest that I am waiting to visit before I leave," he explained. "The countryside is most beautiful in the early summer." He has not yet been disillusioned about the petrol. He has one other source of irritation. As soon as the camp was freed he handed in for dispatch a long message to his Government, reporting his survival and present state of health, requesting the immediate dispatch of equipment suitable for a general's mess and concluding with a respectful but firm statement of his adherence to the Constitution. The Military Government officer to whom I handed the

message sighed when he saw it and said "My God, another!" and passed it out for onward transmission. The General is surprised that there has been no reply as yet.

I had thought of asking the General to dine at the mess in which I am staying, but when I broached the subject he sighed sadly and said, "Alas! I am not in a condition to accept hospitality of that kind. Regard my tunic, this hole, these frayings. No, it is impossible."

It was then that I made my worst gaffe.

"I could lend you a needle and thread," I said.

He looked at me in astonishment.

"Is it possible that you think that I myself could effect the renovations?" he asked, extremely coldly.

We still meet, as the General has not lost interest in the petrol problem, but things have changed. I think the General looks on me now as a civilian, not as a soldier.

Well, I hope the General enjoys his return home.

Your loving son HAROLD.

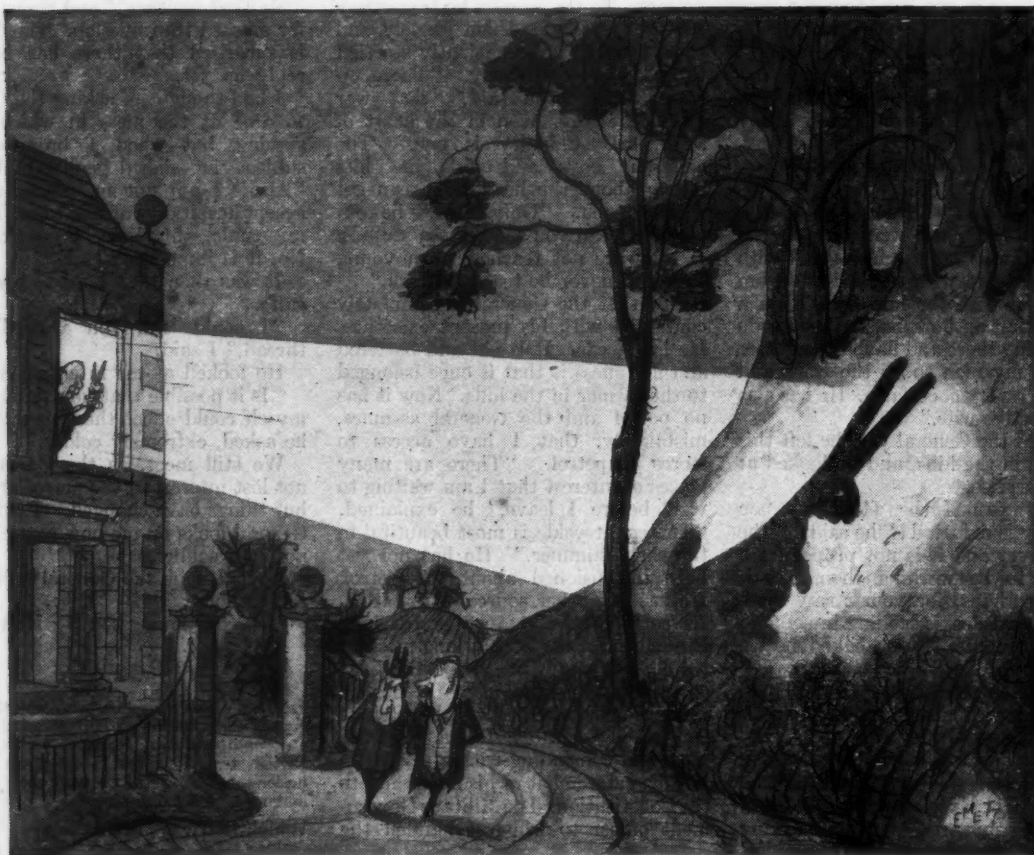
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"The Vice-Chancellor, who was the chief guest, said the course had given the Poles an opportunity of learning something of British traditions and institutions and of understandable still more the English language."—*Sunday paper*.

Which is tricky, nevertheless.



"You're to drop what you're doing and report to the Company Office immediately."



*"Relax a few restrictions and you never know WHAT some people'll do . . ."*

### *Little Things*

**N**OW we may love the little things again,  
Lights in the window, corners in the  
train,

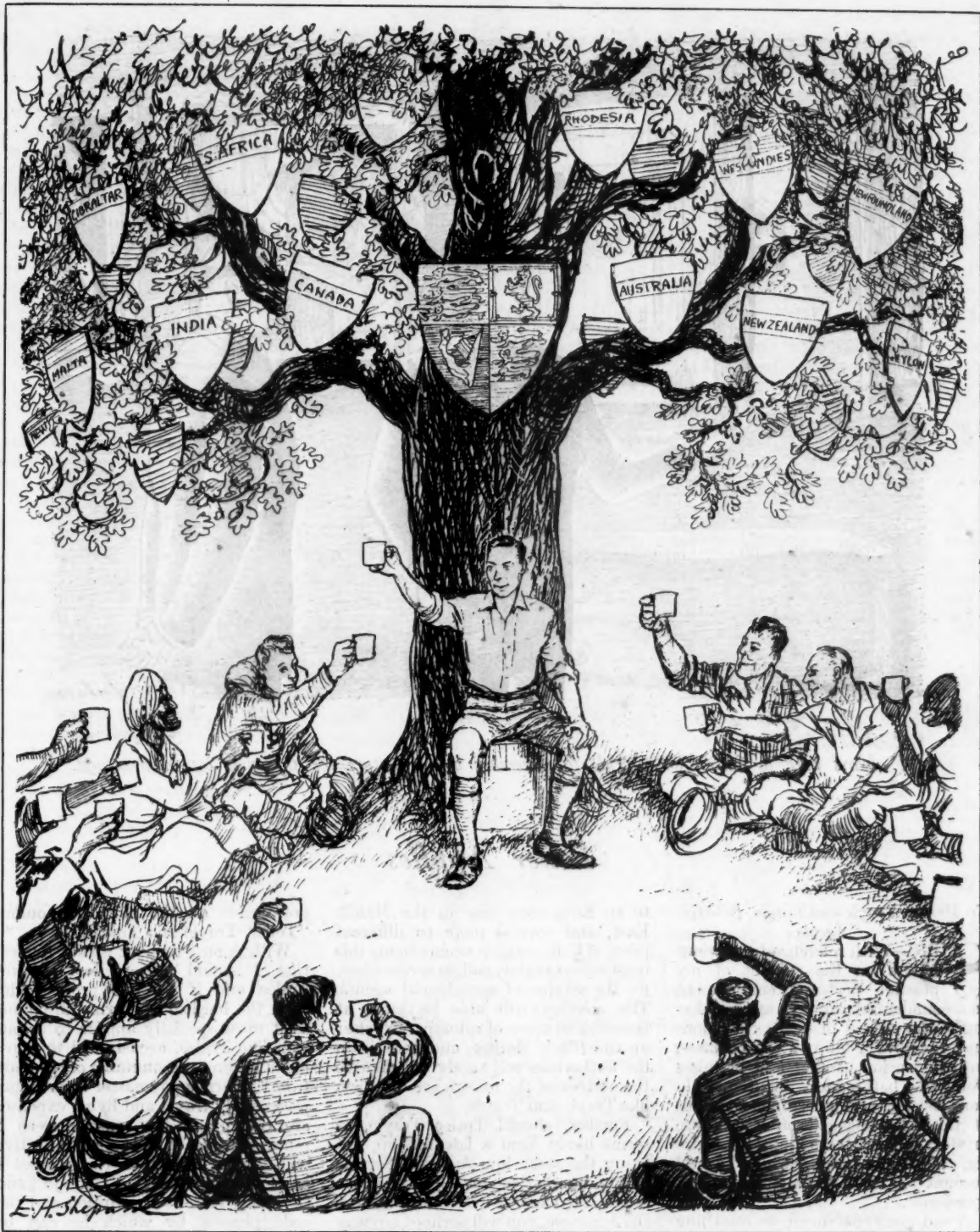
Survey the stars or saunter from the porch  
Without an outcry and without a torch,  
Remove the sand-bags from the garden path,  
And wallow grossly in a six-inch bath,  
Discuss the weather, or disclose a plan,  
And scatter rumours—not about Japan.  
Now we may get some little things again,  
The little things we never could obtain.  
Soon you may see the chemist of your dreams:  
"Yes, madam, we have all your favourite  
creams,

Lipstick and hose of almost every hue.  
What would you like—a dozen, Ma'am—or two?"  
Pipe-cleaners, matches, razor-blades—who knows?—  
One morning there may be a glut of those.

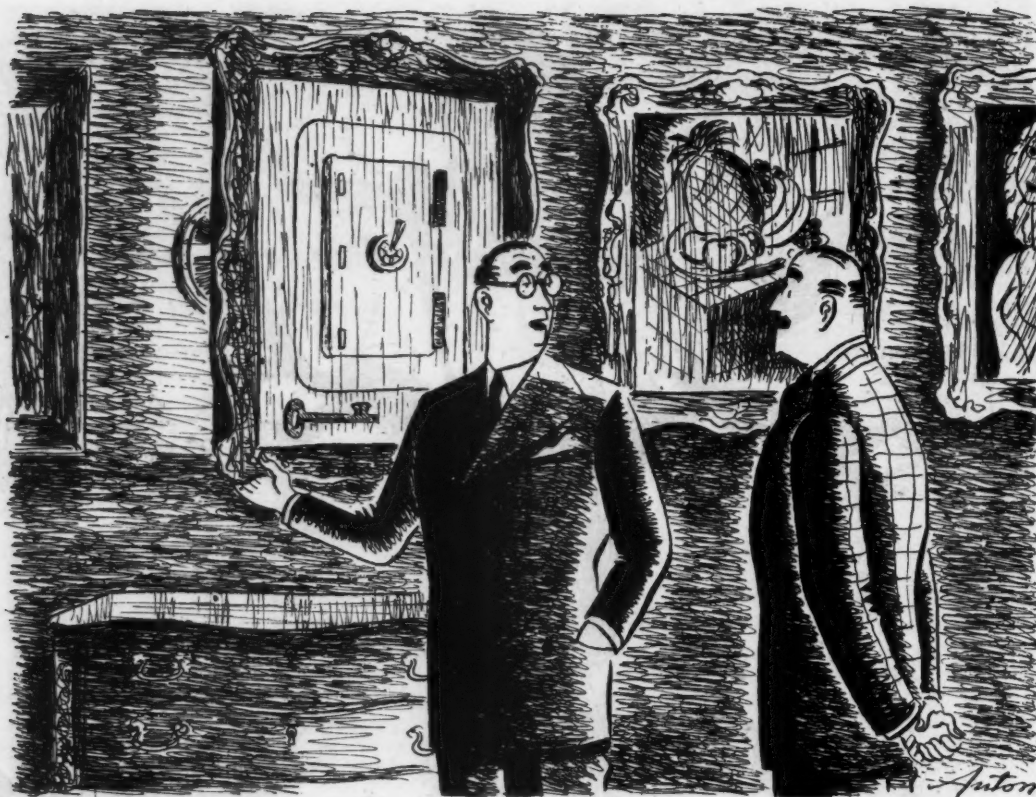
There will be dinner on the swift express—  
And salad oil—and girls in evening dress.  
There will be somebody to mend a clock—  
Lemons—and oranges—and, Heavens, Hock!  
While startled children may at last perceive  
The fabulous banana—and believe.  
Barbed wire and concrete shall no more be seen,  
And all the windows in the trains be clean.  
The little car will cease to be a crime,  
And pubs shall open at the opening time.  
There will be swimming—yes, and, oh, my hat!  
Fried Dover sole! I had forgotten that.  
Sail forth, good fishermen, from Pole to Pole,  
And land me one, just one, fat Dover sole.  
Do you remember hams? It is too much,  
It is fantastical to hope for such.  
Yet let us hope for hams: and, hoping, see  
How very big the little things can be.

A. P. H.





UNDER THE SPLENDID EMPIRE TREE



*"I always used to find it so difficult to remember which picture the safe was concealed behind."*

### Toller Applies

*To Messrs. Trayle and Trayle, Detective Agents*

SIRS,—With reference to previous letters on the subject of my possible post-war employment as a confidential agent, I am wondering if the arrival of peace conditions may not give a fillip to the business, with expansion of staff and premises from the bathing-hut mentioned in your last letter, if indeed you were not at the time engaged on a seashore mystery, in which case I must apologize for the assumption, which would account for the abrupt end to correspondence.

A sad accompaniment to resettling in civilian life must be the strain on heart-strings tangled by war—the strings of Lt. Stookley being an example since to my knowledge one stretches to South Carolina, another

to an Ensa show now in the Middle East, and several more to different parts of U.K.—and it occurs to me this must unfortunately call, in severe cases, for the service of confidential agents. The country will also be more at leisure, and more of a temper, to clear up the Black Market, and here again the authorities will surely not deprive themselves of the experience of a firm like Trayle and Trayle.

Further, should Tralee Trayle, as seems likely from a late call-up, not enjoy the same low Age and Service Group number as myself and so be required to exercise his cunning against the Japanese, you will perhaps anyway need a temporary senior replacement; in which capacity, should I win my spurs, I might even hope in time for an alteration in the firm's title to "Trayle, Trayle and Toller," if you do

not decide on the more euphonious "Toller, Trayle and Trayle."

With regard to your earlier request that I should keep a look-out for Tralee and if possible protect him from the hardship of Army discipline as it must specially appear to a lone wolf like Tralee, accustomed to move like a shadow, accountable only (apart from the firm's paymaster from whom presumably travel and living expenses are drawn) to his conscience as a representative of a leading detective house; with regard to this request I have borne through Holland and Germany Tralee's description and the code phrases by which he can be recognized and have several times mentioned to people—once to a bearded character with a piercing look in whom I was positive I had found Tralee in disguise but who

turned out to be a liberated Russian officer P.O.W.: eager to understand English ways—that red roses grow on the south wall, simultaneously coughing twice as directed, but the nearest I have got to the correct answer was, I am afraid, an accidental reference by admittedly a Pioneer officer to the place where we stood being a dangerous one. No mention of the new moon.

The difficulty is that Tralee, being a master at deception, may easily have covered his tracks, may even have transferred from the Pioneers, and I would not be surprised if he was at this moment in an Arab burnous on the back of a camel in the Middle East. He has not written presumably, since the postmark would give him away.

Should you feel concern and even affection for Tralee beyond the stern emotional discipline required in the profession; such as that required especially in the pre-war case handled by Tralee and reported in the *Wistery Sentinel*, a cutting from which I can only suppose was included inadvertently in your last letter since it was overwritten in red pencil with code symbols which I cannot think you would send freely from the office, unless they were designed as a test for myself, in which, if so, I have failed dismally but with the excuse of military work which, however, should soon be over—this case being a remarkable tribute to professional impersonality, and I suspect there can be few agents of the control of Tralee in the scene where he looks through the skylight and sees his own girl-friend Doris seated by the telephone awaiting the call of another!

The mistake of himself suffering arrest must indeed have been bitter, coupled with his natural but mortifying non-recognition by the beauty in question due to the false moustaches and wig the removal of which would have cleared the matter up but at the expense of an intrusion of private affairs it is of the greatest credit he would not sanction during business hours. I can only hope I may have the opportunity of proving half worthy of Tralee's place in the detective world if unable to supply the filial comfort and strength of his actual presence.

In addition to experience gathered back on the German frontier as President of the Sqn. Egg Club, formed to avoid awkwardness at breakfast from the appearance of private eggs for junior officers; which position led to considerable detective work against contravention of Club rules, such as the stalking of Lt. Stookley suspected

of private egg consumption inside his armoured car, and the deduction of reasons for otherwise somnolent officers suddenly taking lone breakfasts at early hours—in addition to this experience I am further preparing for the post I hope to occupy in the detective profession, perhaps within a few months should you not first decide on an initial course of instruction, possibly on finger-prints or ledge-climbing, at Scotland Yard.

This is a private course on observation of detail which I realize must be ninety per cent. of the detective job and for which I am training myself by a regard for the minute miracles of nature such as baby caterpillars doing assault descents from branches by means of silk-threads, presumably on an internal cotton-reel system with brake attachment; which study also exercises the deductive powers.

For instance—a problem you, sir, will appreciate—I am at present concerned with a river pool miracle in which a number of small twigs in the bed of the pool, after long contemplation during which they remained normal, gradually became animated and equipped with legs and commenced crawling on inexplicable missions; one climbing painfully along a stick until reaching the end when, even more painfully and by a method of resting

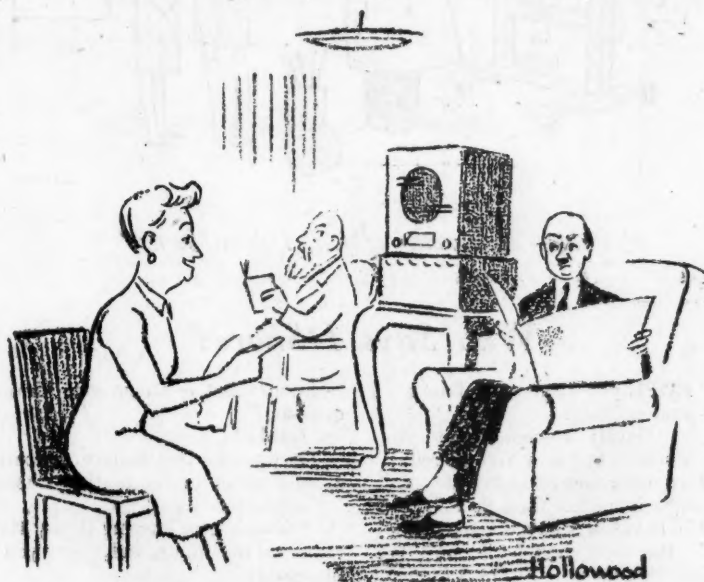
the end of the twig, which was itself, on the pool bottom, and levering round, it turned and climbed all the way back, apparently quite satisfied; after which it lay again on the bottom and became a twig.

Such occurrences give considerable food for thought of the detective kind, since no doubt in your experience suspects have acted with similar oddness and I have myself known a sudden change of character in an employee of an advertising office who became unassuming and polite, with a strict regard for the truth so that he insisted on altering "Unrepeatable Sale Values" to "Values that Will Be Repeated in the Next Sale" and "Highest Quality Goods" to "Quite Good Goods"; in this way, and by gazing with quiet censure on the Managing Director, losing his job, by no means at first sight from the reason subsequently manifest in his dating letters from "Mansfield Park" and signing himself "Edmund."

I am now called on to see a deputation from the Burgomaster of this village. He will say the doctor is a Nazi. After this, the doctor will come and say the Burgomaster is a Nazi. If only, sir, we had Tralee in the Troop!

Yours faithfully,  
J. TOLLER, Lt.

B.L.A.



"If you remember, we were sitting just like this on that fateful September 3rd—except that I was in that chair and grandpa was where I am."





"No—as a matter of fact, I detest horses."

### Who Says I Snore?

"I HOPE you slept well, James," I said politely.

"Hardly a wink, thank you. You snored. And how you snored."

"I've never snored in my life. But I'm sorry if the hot tank rumbled."

"The hot tank behaved like a perfect lady. But you snored. I can't tell you how you snored. At first I thought it might only be an owl in the eaves, but then you worked up the revs and there was no question about what it was."

"Nonsense!" I said firmly.

"It cut through the wall of my

bedroom like a steam-saw through dripping."

"Rubbish."

"It was like two bulldozers roaring at each other in the mating season."

"A barefaced lie."

"I heard some snoring in my three years in the ranks, but, boy, you're the champ."

"Look here," I cried, "this suggestion that I snore is becoming nothing less than a world conspiracy. A calumny as foul as it is false!"

"All it means is that a membrane at the back of your nose has got

displaced and works like the reed in an oboe. Any decent surgeon would put a sock in it for twenty guineas."

"Don't go too far, James," I said coldly, handing him his coffee.

"Would you believe a body of independent witnesses?"

"How should I know they were independent?"

"Well, supposing I could get your vicar, a J.P., and a woman-policeman, you'd have to take what they said?"

"I certainly shouldn't. Not if you got the Archbishop of Canterbury. Not even if you got the Editor of *Punch*. All human testimony is unreliable where a world conspiracy is concerned."

"Would you accept scientific evidence, then?"

"I should be delighted to settle this matter once and for all," I cried angrily, playing an exploded niblick shot with my knife on some scrambled egg that had fallen in the rough behind the butter-dish.

"O.K.," said James. "My Uncle Ethelbert has lent me his flat while he's away. The crime writer. He's got one of those recording-machines."

"We couldn't leave it running all night."

"I can set it going after you've gone to sleep."

"I like your notion of scientific evidence. What's to stop you working a coffee-grinder in front of the mike? I insist on being alone in the flat."

"All right. In that case you must have a sleeping-draught to make sure it's a fair test. I can set an alarm-clock to switch the machine on an hour after you go to bed."

"Very well," I said, holing out with the scrambled egg. "The sooner the better. To-night."

James's uncle's flat was on the third floor. The bed looked comfortable. I climbed into it in my beautiful mauve pyjamas, and knocked back a beaker of sheepdip that James thrust at me. He made some final adjustments to the machine, which stood on a table beside the bed, and went out, slamming the door of the flat after him.

"Don't wake me before eight," I shouted.

I was coming back from a long journey, from the other end of the world, in a chariot of warm cottonwool drawn by two great birds. The chariot made a clanking noise, not usual in ones of cottonwool, which grew louder and louder until I woke up, to see James climbing through the window.

"Are you all right?" he cried,

**T**HANK YOU for your most generous support. Mr. Punch is deeply grateful to you all for enabling him to alleviate in a small degree the hardships of this devastating war.

The European war is won, but the women and children in the recently liberated countries will need warm clothing and plenty of it during the coming winter.

The Navy, Army, Air Force and Merchant Navy still have an immense amount to do in the war against Japan and will need socks, cigarettes and other little comforts to make life more tolerable.

Mr. Punch will continue his efforts to supply these needs until the cessation of hostilities with Japan. Your help is urgently needed. Please send to him at PUNCH COMFORTS FUND, 10 Bouverie St., London, E.C.4.

*Registered under the War Charities Act, 1940*

rushing at me in a peculiar way. He looked dirty and hot.

"There's a donkey-engine working at the back of my head," I murmured, doing my best to sit up in bed.

"I'm afraid I must have given you a bit too much of that stuff. I've been banging at the hall-door for hours."

"Why?"

"It's lunch-time. The N.F.S. have really been most co-operative, but it all took a little arranging."

I lay back and groaned quietly.

"I'm awfully sorry," said James, bending over the machine. "That's fine. It's worked. I say, would you mind very much if the N.F.S. came in and listened while we play the record back? He's a physics teacher and thrilled?"

"Where is he?"

"Just a few rungs down the ladder."

"Bring all your friends," I whispered weakly.

In so far as I could see anything at all the N.F.S. was a grave young man with a wart on his nose. I pointed kindly to the end of the bed and he sat down.

"Most interesting!" he murmured.

"Now," said James. "Listen!"

Nothing came out of the loud-speaker beyond a faint scratching noise. After some minutes I smiled at James and the N.F.S. in a superior fashion.

"Who says I snore?" I asked.

"I do," said James. "You snore like a grampus. Wait."

The N.F.S. looked a trifle embarrassed by all this. Then he sat up sharply as out of the loudspeaker came a very different tune. A heavy, rumbling noise. Rather like a flying-bomb overhead, but rather more, I was sorry to note, like an old-fashioned snore. It made the whole room vibrate slightly.

"Well?" James demanded, switching off the machine in triumph.

"My dear James, I owe you an apology," I was about to say. How glad I am I never said it. For the N.F.S. was closely scrutinizing the microphone of the instrument.

"Could your uncle keep a pet?" he asked.

"Easily," said James, "but he doesn't."

"Somebody does," said the N.F.S., and held up a little twist of yellow fur.

"What are you getting at?" James asked crossly.

"That," replied the N.F.S. and pointed to the window. There stood a large ginger cat, a magnificent animal, eyeing us contentedly. As if he knew his way about, he came across in his own time and jumped up on the table. Sidling up to the microphone he scratched luxuriously against it and purred enormously.

"Just like a grampus," I said, reaching for my shirt. ERIC.



"I want to report a theft."

## At the Play

### GRAND GUIGNOL (GRANVILLE)

THE Grand Guignol programmes are of the theatre theatrical, and they need a proper setting. No home for the present resurrection could be friendlier than the Granville, out at Walham Green, with its red plush, its mirrors, its acreage of bathroom tiles, the snug curve of its auditorium, and the inescapable feeling that Sweeney Todd will bob up at any minute to polish 'em off.

An ideal Guignol play is a nightmare deriving from Poe and Le Fanu, with footnotes by John Webster's *Bosola* in his cords-and-coffin manner. There is nothing like this at the Granville; but such simple pleasures as we have are gratifying—a corpse crammed into a rickety wardrobe, one death by cake-knife (sharp-ground) and two by shooting, and—the only real stab of terror—the thrusting of a girl's head into a coal fire. This sort of thing needs our unconditional surrender. An author has failed if for a moment he allows us to be incredulous. The Granville's *Coals of Fire*, that catastrophe among the crumpets, succeeds because Mr. FREDERICK WITNEY does persuade us that the fantastic situation is credible and that his grotesque of a blind woman—grossly purring in a voice from Miss ELLEN POLLOCK's rich selection—is quite capable of disfiguring the girl-companion who has annexed her husband. It is a ghastly little anecdote—the author calls it a tragedy, too high a word—but it is composed with so much cunning and acted so strongly by Miss POLLOCK and Miss ANNE FIRTH that even a Jacobean audience, used to supping full with horrors, might have approved. One urgent warning. This lurid tea-party is not for the nervous or for those who cannot face the stage during the seventh scene of the third act of *King Lear*.

The rest of the programme is relatively matter-of-fact. Little sting is left now in Mr. ST. JOHN ERVINE'S *Progress*, tale of the war-bereaved woman who kills her brother because

he has invented a deadlier brand of bomb. In revival the play hesitates and is lost, though the miscasting of the Professor may partly explain this. For all the litter on his table, that charming actor Mr. RICHARD GOOLDEN never satisfies us that he could invent so much as a mouse-trap, and we have to seek comfort in the tingling force with which Miss EDITH SHARPE presents the sister. Mr. GOOLDEN is happier far in the irony of *E. & O. E.*, that acrid jest by Mr. ELIOT CRAWSHAY-WILLIAMS about a will and a wardrobe, a corpse and a debtor, and

—and Mr. Russell Thorndike was in the Granville's first-night audience—this revival must be agreeably like old times. J. C. T.

### "WOLVES AND SHEEP" (CHANTICLEER) "SHEEP'S CLOTHING" (GATEWAY)

Down in South Kensington *Meropia Davydovna Murzavetskaya* is plotting against *Eulampe Nikolayevna Kupavina*, with *Vassily Ivanovitch Berkutov* intervening. (Samovar off stage.) This is the first play of an OSTROVSKY season which has plunged the Chanticleer Theatre Club deep into nineteenth century Russia. A gallant dive; but we doubt whether, in translation, OSTROVSKY will make many new friends. *Wolves and Sheep* is copious and conscientious. In spite of some passages of acute satirical observation, its assemblage of sharpers and ninnies soon gets tiresome. The original, we feel, may have a relish which Mr. DAVID MAGARSHACK's version and the current performance hardly express. Certainly the production needs to be pointed and quickened, though one or two of the players are already on the mark—Miss MARGOT VAN DER BURGH, pleasantly clear as a rich young widow; Miss LUCILLE GRAY as a prodigy among designing minxes; and Mr. ROBERT MARSDEN, as crisp as usual in a brace of tiny parts. But the sanctimonious old fraud *Meropia* deserves more flexible treatment, and neither her lout of a nephew nor that twittering bachelor *Lynyaev* comes off at all.

We never know what may happen next at another of the Little Theatres, the Gateway, deep in the heart of Bayswater. Not so long ago it was Strindberg's *Easter*. On the evening of VE Day the piece was a "comedy-thriller" called *Sheep's Clothing*, a gambol which seemed to be both under-produced and under-written. We had some surprising data about the odd goings-on in a Kensington of pre-history.

We were also dazzled by a remarkable wallpaper. But who, with the best will in the world, could summon much interest in the espionage of 1939 on the hot and happy evening of May 8th, 1945? J. C. T.



INVENTOR RATHER HURT BY SISTER'S ATTITUDE

Mrs. Meldon . . . . . MISS EDITH SHARPE  
Professor Henry Corrie, D.Sc. . . . MR. RICHARD GOOLDEN

a couple of harpies. Miss SHARPE and Miss FIRTH are again in good form, and Mr. HUGH MILLER plays a death-watch beetle of a man with a grim enjoyment.

*Nuit de Noces* and *The Bitter End* complete the five plays. The first is a frivol, the Guignol's ray of sunshine, Mr. WITNEY's cynical idea of romance in Paris about 1750. (Powder and shots, but not a corpse in sight.) The last piece, by the same author, is ten minutes or so of life and death in the wilder West-End, with Miss POLLOCK and Mr. GORDON EDWARDS as casualties and Mr. MILLER in a very nasty spot indeed. On the whole, then, a cosy evening. For those who recall the freezing 'twenties at the Little Theatre



## The Great News

CAPTAIN SYMPSON was in an irritable frame of mind when we left on our last trip from Cairo to Aleppo.

"The odds are a thousand to one that the war will end when we are in the middle of the Sinai Desert," he said bitterly, "and we shan't hear of it, and thus be unable to celebrate. If I know anything of Driver Obongo he will break down hundreds of miles from anywhere, and by the time we regain civilization people will have forgotten about VE Day and have started taking an interest in the Far East war."

As it happened we passed across the Sinai Desert with unusual smoothness, and arrived at Jerusalem to find that the war was still going on.

"To be on the safe side," said Symphon, "I suggest that we stay here until the announcement is actually made. The Haifa Road is just the sort of place for Obongo to break down beside an orange grove. He is fond of oranges."

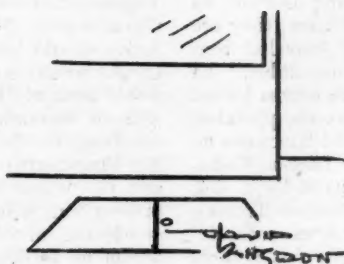
We moved on, however, because the bedroom at the hotel in Jerusalem had a stone floor, and Symphon had lost one of his carpet slippers in the Sinai Desert and an aunt had told him when he was a child that if you walked on a stone floor barefoot you always developed either diabetes or varicose veins. He could not remember which, but did not want either.

Haifa failed to supply the decisive news, and as the Club there was absolutely out of cigarettes we pushed on to Beyrouth, where we would have waited to celebrate VE Day if it had not been for a man with an extremely loud snore who shared our bedroom.

"Baalbek is the place to celebrate," said Symphon, "it is only sixty miles, and even Obongo can get the car to go that distance without breaking down. And it will be rather fine to contemplate the noble Roman ruins as we drink in celebration of the downfall of the Hun."

Unfortunately, at Baalbek the Officers' Club was full of tourists going to look at the Roman ruins, so after a few bitter words about the easy life some people had in the army we proceeded to Aleppo, where the Officers' Club was again full. So we went to the Hotel Duchesse, where we found that everybody else could only speak either French or Arabic.

"*Jer ver oong shambre ar dur*," said Symphon to the man at the desk, and this unfortunately gave everybody the impression that we could speak French. To make matters worse I carelessly



threw a couple of Maleeshes and a Badin or so at one of the waiters, and we were at once accepted as much-travelled cosmopolitans to whom there was no need to speak English. This resulted in us having long and futile conversations with a lot of people who seemed quite satisfied with our responses of "Oui" and "Aiwa," but we became so exhausted that we went to the pictures and saw an American film with French dialogue and Arabic subtitles.

"What time is the wireless news?" said Symphon as we hurried back to the hotel. Personally, owing to Syria having more (or possibly less) Summer Time than England I could not remember, so we asked the man at the desk, and he said that if we hurried we should just be in time to hear it. There was a set in the lounge, he said, and another in the writing-room on the first floor. I hurried to the lounge and Symphon went to the writing-room. In the lounge there was a gang of excited men in red hats around the wireless set and it was obvious that something had happened, but as they were listening to the Arabic News from Cairo I could not be absolutely certain that the end had really come. So I dashed off to find Symphon, only to find that the News on the writing-room set was only just starting. And when it came it was in French, and not at all the sort of French we were taught at school.

"I'm pretty sure he said the war really is finished," said Symphon, "but it's irritating not really knowing..."

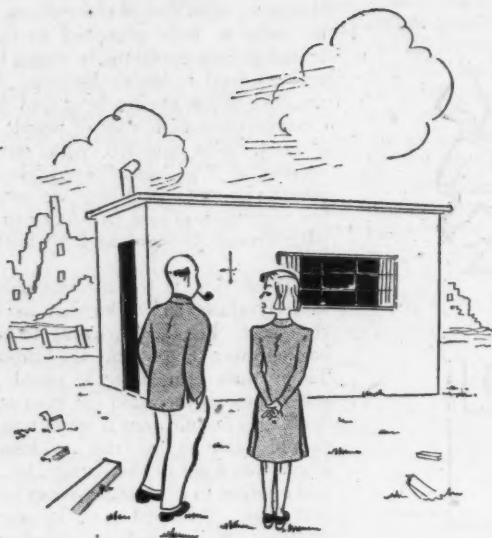
Luckily our suspense was ended by Driver Obongo ringing up from the Transit Camp to say that as the War was over he presumed that we would not want the truck for two days, as he understood Mr. Churchill was giving everybody a holiday. He rang off before we could explain that this did not apply to Kugomba drivers, so we made the best of a bad job and went off to get a couple of drinks. Not that we are drinking men, as a rule, but, as Symphon said, you don't get a VE Day every time you are in Aleppo.

### All Doing Their Bite

"We all want to help and be patriotic and we have kept savage ever since the war started."—Schoolboy's essay.

"Mr. James McMorran was at the organ, and played appropriate music by Lohengrin and Mendelssohn."—Local Paper.

Nothing by that fellow who wrote Wagner?



Hollowood

"Couldn't we paint some wheels on it or something?"

### Our Booking-Office

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks)

#### Stalin

WHATEVER other changes the Russian Revolution has effected, it has not increased the amount of verisimilitude to be found in biographies of great living statesmen written by personal admirers. Although in his preface Mr. J. T. MURPHY says that his life of *Stalin* (JOHN LANE, 15/-) must perforce be a political biography, and that he makes no apology for being unable to describe Stalin's favourite dishes or the colour of his pyjamas, he abandons this austere impersonal standpoint altogether in his concluding chapter, from which the reader will learn that Stalin's eyes are "perpetually threatening to smile," that he is "a completely integrated individual serenely making the most of all that life has to give," that, on the authority of Mr. Joseph Davies, "a child would like to sit on his knee and a dog would sidle up to him," and that though he has earned the title of "the Great," he himself prefers to be known as "a disciple of Lenin." Nevertheless, a careful reader will be able to piece together from a number of scattered passages a fairly clear impression of what Stalin is really like. His early years, which were passed in poverty and as a member of a subject race, the Georgian, turned him into a revolutionary, and after reading Darwin, at thirteen, he said to a school friend—"You know, they are fooling us. There is no God." At twenty, expelled from a theological seminary as "politically unreliable," he became an active revolutionary, and in due course joined up with Lenin, whose physical insignificance disappointed him at first, but by whose sincerity, force and directness he was soon very deeply impressed. Lenin's famous Testament was, in Mr. MURPHY's words, "written by a sick man and not the wisest of documents." Neither Trotsky nor Stalin was spared in it, and one may agree with Mr. MURPHY when he says—"That Stalin deeply felt Lenin's

personal criticism is certain." The various methods by which, between 1924 and 1938, Stalin secured "a united party free from all factional struggles" certainly seem to support Lenin's view that in his dealings with his colleagues Stalin was not as patient as he might have been. But Mr. MURPHY is justified in saying that, however he arrived at the result, Stalin had, by the time Hitler attacked it, welded the Soviet Union into a whole which astonished everyone with its power.

H. K.

### A Little Geste of Merrie Belfast

In spite of its air of psychological insight, *Odd Man Out* (JOSEPH, 9/6) is more likely, one feels, to arouse interest as a purveyor of thrilling situations than as an intimate human document. During eight hours' chase of a revolutionary organizer in Belfast—the man has been active in a murderous raid on a mill and is himself wounded—"many of the main issues of human behaviour," says Mr. F. L. GREEN's jacket, "are stated and examined." Unluckily, however, clear statement and honest examination are not this dishevelled story's strong points. The organization lacks identity—is it lawful or unlawful? The hold-up at the mill to provide it with funds and the incidental murder are taken for granted. The rabble who shield and the rabble who pursue the organizer "Johnny" are more remarkable for their appetites than their principles; and the book's strongest portrait is the crude, full-blooded figure of Teresa, the gombeen-woman who sends three of the gang to their death. Her opposite number, Johnny's Agnes, is more melodramatic than Teresa in her pretentious mysticism; and the ex-parish priest, Father Tom—yet another novelist's sample of that "private tap" religion so incongruous with priestly pretensions—makes himself romantically useful in the best Friar Tuck manner, aiding Agnes and Johnny to elude the law.

H. P. E.

### Travel Memories

Mr. BAERLEIN's travel memories are described by his publishers as inexhaustible, and so indeed they are, though they are not all derived from travels; as for instance, "There was that lover who begged his lady to tell him why, after appearing to have eyes for no one else, she would not marry him. And the lady, owing to her deep regard for him, said that she would disclose to him, and him alone, the reason. She could never marry him, she said, for she was an hermaphrodite. 'But surely,' he exclaimed, 'on Sundays we could attend different places of worship.'" One of the best chapters in this book—*The Caravan Rolls On* (MULLER, 12/6)—is the amazing description of Dr. Dillon, together with his adventures and experiences. The chapter on the Scots and the Poles is full of unfamiliar but most interesting history. Between the years 1474 and 1476 twenty-four Scottish ships entered the port of Danzig, and the favourite profession for the Scots in Poland was that of pedlars. The chapter on Yugoslavia records some severe remarks about Mr. Neville Chamberlain. Mr. BAERLEIN suggests that the Czech Army should have been allowed to fight Germany. The Czechs would no doubt have inflicted damage; but they would certainly have been wiped out in six months or less without stemming the tide of German conquest. The surviving Czechs of to-day need not perhaps now blame Mr. Chamberlain too severely for what happened in 1938, and the whole world, after suffering the horrors of the present war, will at any rate thankfully remember the old gentleman who had never flown in his life going in an aeroplane to Germany.

E. S. P. H.

### Just as they Come

The modern American poet at his happiest peak of self-entertainment provides a sort of nursery-floor spectacle of bright ideas picked up and dropped without any particular regard to their worth. *Note-Books of Night* (SECKER AND WARBURG, 7/6) is one of those cheerfully devastated areas in which everything that has amused, beguiled or horrified the poet is supposed to have an equal, or even a heightened, impact on the reader. If it hasn't—so much the worse for the reader. Many of Mr. EDMUND WILSON's elegies, reveries and satires, however, are beautiful or amusing; and the more American they are, the more strikingly they succeed. His music-hall song, "The Extrovert of Walden Pond," is a far more hilarious proceeding than "The Three Limperary Cripples"; and "At Laurelwood," which unaffectedly perpetuates a small boy's memories of his grandmother's regime, because of a man's need to conserve threatened virtues and values, is the best piece of prose in the book. An essentially poetic effort to arrest transient felicities of passion and circumstance inspires "Riverton," "The Voice," and the memorable finale of "Variations on a Landscape." These at least owe nothing to the most pointless of the author's avowed aims, "to succeed in experiencing sensations which humanity has never yet known." H. P. E.

### A Welcome Reprint

This is the fifth reprint since its publication in 1931 of Mr. GRAHAM ROBERTSON's most delightful reminiscences, *Time Was* (HAMISH HAMILTON, 10/6). Mr. ROBERTSON not only met most of the famous actors, artists and writers between 1880 and 1910, he also possessed a shrewd and kindly eye for their idiosyncrasies, and a knack for seeing them at their best or most characteristic. This may have been inherited, if one may judge from his grandmother's encounter with Coleridge on Highgate Heath, and from his mother's "tremendous moment" when she was confronted with Charles Dickens in a "waistcoat of spun glass which shone like all the rainbows of the heavens." Whistler and Sarah Bernhardt, under Mr. ROBERTSON's sympathetic treatment, show aspects which those who could see only their egotism missed; and Wilde, though his affectations are lightly touched on, is represented as curing Mr. ROBERTSON of a violent toothache and a heavy cold by making him laugh for an hour and a half on end. The celebrities who appear only for a few moments come to life as vividly as those who are drawn at greater length. There is W. B. Yeats, for example—"He seemed to have a way with ghosts and spirits, and under his kindly sway they dropped many of their ill-bred tricks." There is Robert Browning, old and famous, overtaking the youthful Robertson on a rainy day and walking him home under his umbrella. And there is Walter Pater complaining—"A dreadful woman has been asking me what is my message to the people of Hackney Wick. . . . I said I hoped they were pretty well and that I was pretty well and—that was all I could think of." H. K.

### The Two Russians

Mr. MARK ALDANOV is a Russian who lives in exile, and he has just written a very good novel. His labours over this were probably relieved by a good deal of quiet amusement, since he chose to write about (of all things) Russians of the other political persuasion—Soviet citizens travelling in Europe for the first time and on official business. There is nothing at all obvious, mind you, about the humour of this book. *The Fifth Seal* (CAPE, 10/6) doesn't scarify its

subjects, it doesn't poke cheap fun at them. All it does is draw on the characteristic Russian ability to be, in literature, in two places at once: to suffer on the spot and at the same time to see the human comedy as a whole, remotely and with amusement. Having this, Mr. ALDANOV can naturally afford to be generous. His Soviet citizens are perfectly in earnest, perfectly loyal, perfectly devoted to their country and the regime: their only flaw, from the fanatic's point of view, is the ease with which they take to the West. Once abroad they breathe, they expand, they thrust aside some burden . . . they become, in fact, rewarding subjects for this long, thoughtful, lovingly exploratory novel. J. S.

### Revival of a Hero

The biographical novel is a tricky thing to write. Either the author must avoid the attempt to introduce intimate conversation and thought and be content to muster facts as an anatomist reassembles a skeleton, or, at the risk of impertinence, he must also breathe his own life into his subject. The latter and riskier method has been chosen by Mr. HOWARD FAST in *Citizen Tom Paine* (JOHN LANE, 10/6)—the Tom Paine of *The Rights of Man* and *The Age of Reason* who wrote, so he told Dr. Benjamin Franklin, "what a man can't say because he's got no guts in him to say it." The book is divided into several main parts. It begins with the approach to Franklin, journey to America, birth of *The Pennsylvania Magazine*, publication of *Commonsense*, Paine's life as a soldier, his writing of *Crisis* on an old drum and its enormous circulation. Later we see him in England again, and as a revolutionary in France. The impression given is that the author has written his labour of love in a white-hot rage inherited from men like Blake and Paine himself, who lived and died in the belief—"If there's any meaning in human life, it's in the dignity of a human being." B. E. B.



"Mr. Forsyth will see you now."





*"In fairness I must warn you that there's a ghost—it keeps on shouting 'Put that ruddy light out'."*

### The Come-Back

**F**OR three long years they viewed my damaged limb  
And "No," they said, "not cricket—not this year."

I was content. I thought, "The threads are broke  
That bound my future to the tragic past;  
My star at length shall dawn, and I emerge  
Triumphant to confound the scornful tongue  
And garner praise from lips that wont to smile."  
And lo, the long years passed, and yesterday  
They gave the verdict: "You can try," they said.

Distraught with zeal I sought the dressing-room;  
I found the bat, I found a shirt, a glove,  
A bag that might be mine, a pair of bags  
That could be no one else's, and a case  
Wherein reposed the Cricket Spectacles.  
But then my heart misgave me, for I thought  
How glass and steel may for a while withstand  
Time's ageing influence, but the eye may not.  
I hastened to the oracle, and cried:  
"Look, seer, upon these glasses that I bear  
And tell me they will stead my questing sight  
Yet one brief season; for my tenuous scrip  
Can scarce afford you and another pair."  
And from the shrine there came the answer back:  
"Half of your prayer is granted, O my son,

And half rejected. Through the leftward disc  
Your eye may match the shrewdness of the lynx,  
Nor should the hawk with keener view discern  
His huddling prey; the right is not so good.  
Should then the bowler to the leg propel  
His flying charge, go boldly in, and smite  
With all your mustered power; but beware,  
Beware the ball that comes upon the off."

Avaunt, forebodings! never be it said  
That I was one to faint before the fight.  
The bowler may not bowl it on the off;  
The umpire may not look; a thousand things  
May turn the matter, oh, a thousand things.  
Come pad me, glove me, to my god-like toe  
Bind the grave boot, and on my forehead set  
The cap's vermilion terrors; from its lair  
Fetch out the score-book, and inscribe my name  
In proud character at Number One;  
And let a multitude be here convened  
So great as never on the feast-day poured  
O'er Nemean fields or thronged Olympia's ways,  
And bid them all make thunder with their hands  
And erack the vault with plaudits as I march  
In regal progress wicketwards, the man  
Who cannot see them on the off too well,  
And all his life has missed them on the leg. M. H. L.



"Excuse the room, but I'm making a dress."

## Controlling the Country

THE chairman of the Housing Committee plucked his beard and gazed thoughtfully at the clerk of the Rural District Council.

"I thought that site had been cleared," he said reproachfully.

The clerk wiped his brow and a letter he was holding in his hand shook slightly as it was handed to the chairman of the Council.

The chairman of the Council, who had left his spectacles at home, wiped his eyes and glared at the representative for Muddlepuddle, who was only asking his neighbour about the state of his corn.

"Now let's get this clear," the chairman began judicially. "The Ditchwater site was chosen by the Parish Council after a parish meeting, wasn't it?"

The clerk nodded.

"And the site plan was prepared by our architect after the sub-committee of the Housing Committee had inspected the site with the Parish Council, the chairman of the Housing Committee having already had a conference with the owner of the land and the tenant farmer, whose dog bit him."

The clerk continued nodding.

"You then sent the plans in triplicate to the Planning Committee, who returned them after they had met the

sub-committee of the Housing Committee, the representatives of the Parish Council and unofficial representatives of the village on the site. I believe the police were also represented."

The clerk had ceased nodding and was blinking his eyelids instead.

"Then you sent them to the Regional Planning Officer in quadruplicate."

The clerk stirred a little in his chair.

"From there they went to the Ministry of Health, the Ministry of Town and Country Planning and back again."

The clerk opened his eyes and stared at the eager faces nodding around him.

The representative for Muddlepuddle intervened at this point to ask if the National Farmers' Union had been consulted.

This was quite sufficient to rouse several farmers. The winner in the general debate which followed was heard to ask if there were any rights-of-way across the site, as the Footpaths Preservation Society would have to be consulted before *anything* was done.

The chairman then banged the table so violently a file of letters slipped out of the clerk's hands and found refuge under his chair.

When these had been restored the

chairman read the letter the clerk had handed to him.

"It appears," he said, "the W.A.E.C. object to the site as it is wanted for food production, and the tenant, remembering eighty cows use it as a footpath to 'The Crown' (near which is their drinking place when foot-and-mouth disease breaks out), has also communicated with them."

Muddlepuddle's councillor jumped in again and said he had had a letter from Widow Twitch, who wanted to know what she was going to do for exercise if this field was taken away from her goat.

Someone else asked if the tenant farmer wasn't a member of the W.A.E.C.

"He is," replied the clerk, "but it's the *committee* who object."

As the chairman had had quite a lot to do with committees he solemnly nodded his head.

"You had better start again by asking the Parish Council to select another site," he said, addressing the clerk. And, turning to the chairman of the Housing Committee, he began, "Don't you agree—"

But the chairman of the Housing Committee was thoughtfully wiping his feet on the mat before he stepped out into the rain.



"... and I dare say, when they do finally take away all these emergency water mains, we shall really quite miss them."

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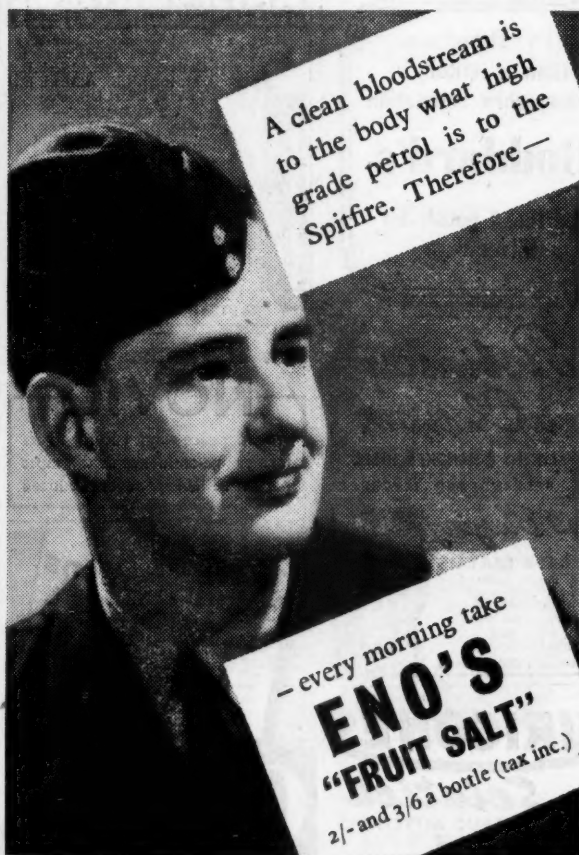
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*Just honest-to-goodness tobacco*

Issued by Godfrey Phillips Limited

## RATTRAY'S 7 RESERVE TOBACCO

Many handsome letters of appreciation of Rattray's service have been received, even during the war period. Some say thanks for prompt attention given—some praise the packings—all give unstinted thanks for the excellence of the tobacco and the pleasure they get from it. For Rattray's it is a great joy to know they have so many enthusiastic friends.

A customer writes from BRADFORD—"As confirmed pipe smokers, we think your tobacco absolutely first class."

Obtainable only from

*Chas Rattray*  
Tobacco  
Blender  
PERTH, SCOTLAND



Price: 50/6 per lb. Post Paid.  
Send 12/7 for sample 1-lb. tin, Post Free

up the  
garden path

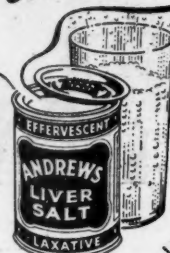


It used to be a pleasant stroll, but now—! Weeds and weather have had their own way during five years of enforced neglect. One of the first items on our private "relief and rehabilitation" programme must be to put paths and drive in order again. Make a note of COLAS! This weather-proof, easy-to-lay surfacing material is about the best thing you'll find anywhere to give you hard, clean, trim paths and drives which will stand up to wear and weather for years on end. Your own gardener can lay COLAS. No expert knowledge is needed, no special equipment. COLAS sets rapidly, doesn't harm vegetation or pond-life, costs surprisingly little. . . . When the time comes get COLAS. You'll have paths and a drive to be proud of. Meanwhile, we'll be glad to advise.

## there's need of COLAS

COLAS PRODUCTS LTD 5-6 CROSBY SQUARE, LONDON, E.C.3

Excuse me—  
**INNER**  
**CLEANLINESS**  
comes first



For deepdown Inner Cleanliness, take Andrews regularly—not necessarily every day but as often as the system needs its health-giving aid. See how Andrews purifies: **FIRST**, it refreshes the mouth and helps to clean the tongue. **NEXT**, it settles the stomach and corrects acidity, the chief cause of indigestion. **THEN**, it tones up the liver and checks biliousness, and **FINALLY**, to continue your Inner Cleanliness Andrews gently clears the bowels. It sweeps away trouble-making impurities, relieves Constipation, and purifies the blood.

For Inner Cleanliness be regular with your

## ANDREWS

Family size tin 2/-

Guaranteed to contain 8 ozs.

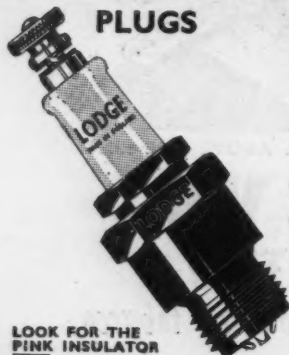
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## SINTOX

A LODGE INVENTION

*One of our war secrets*

THE  
WORLD'S  
FINEST  
INSULATOR  
is exclusive to  
**LODGE**  
PLUGS



LOOK FOR THE  
PINK INSULATOR

★ ★ ★

The History of  
**HENNESSY**  
is the History of  
**GOOD**  
**BRANDY**

★ ★ ★

### Patronised by Royalty

MANY famous men have patronised the Branksome Tower Hotel. Their judgment has given to it a character and a status which is probably unique amongst the leading Hotels of England.

With private sea promenade and wooded cliffs and grounds as lovely as anything that can be imagined or desired. The Branksome Tower Hotel provides also every facility for sport and pleasure which could be expected of a first-class Hotel. These include a cuisine and a cellar in keeping with an international reputation.

**BRANKSOME TOWER  
HOTEL · BOURNEMOUTH**

'Phone: Bournemouth 4000.

More  
than a century's  
untarnished reputation

## Goddard's

the finest polish for  
Silverware

**Robinson  
& Cleaver**  
FINE LINENS & HANDKERCHIEFS  
LONDON, BELFAST AND LIVERPOOL

*Stairs Blazing*

**BUT ESCAPE CERTAIN**

for entire Family even from highest floor if Automatic DAVY is fitted. Average cost £20.

Send 1d. stamp for details.  
**JOHN KERR & CO. (Ketch)** LTD.  
Northwich, Chas.

**DAVY Automatic FIRE ESCAPE**



**CURICONES**  
*for Sciatica*  
AND ALL RHEUMATIC AFFECTIONS  
DOCTORS USE IT  
FROM ALL CHEMISTS

## ENGINEERING OPPORTUNITIES

This unique handbook shows the easy way to secure A.M.I.Mech.E., A.M.Brit.I.R.E., A.M.I.E.E., CITY & GUILDS, etc.  
**WE GUARANTEE—**  
"NO PASS—NO FEE."  
Details are given of over 150 Diploma Courses in all Branches of Civil, Mech., Elec., Motor, Aero, Radio-Television and Production Engineering, Training, Building, PLASTICS, Matrimonial, etc. Prepare for post-war competition and send for your copy at once.—FREE.  
B.I.E.T., 214 SHAKESPEARE HOUSE, 17, STRATFORD PLACE, LONDON, W.1

Now of War-time standard

## NOVIO

will in peace-time return to its former pre-eminence as the most perfect Toilet Paper ever produced

**To relieve  
skin irritations**

The instant Cuticura brand Ointment touches the skin all itching and irritation stop. Its unrivalled antiseptic action instantly kills infectious germs and prevents blood poisoning. For the healing of eruptions, rashes and skin injuries Cuticura is unbeatable. Of Chemists, 2/6 & 1/5

## Cuticura OINTMENT

## WHY CAN'T WE MIND OUR OWN BUSINESS?

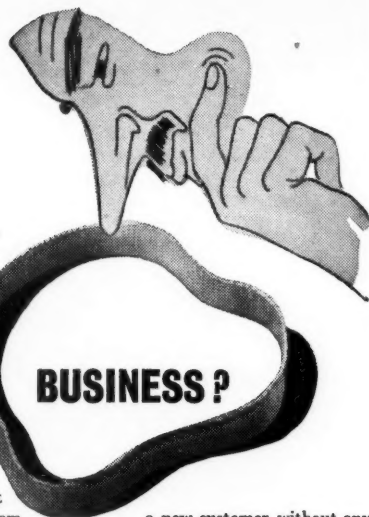
NOTHING WORRIES the people in our belting department more than getting an order from

a new customer without any indication of what the belting is needed for. In these cases their policy is to try and make sure that what the customer gets is what he really needs and frequently they find that after looking into things they're able to recommend a belt more suitable for the purpose. Once in a while they come across somebody who wants to know what it's got to do with them, but if they get a few rebuffs they also make a lot of friends. Can they make a friend of you?

### BRITISH BELTING & ASBESTOS LIMITED CLECKHEATON (YORKS) AND LONDON



Manufacturers of all types of Belting for industrial purposes including "Scandilex" and "Saturn". Manufacturers of "Mintex" Brake and Clutch Linings and other friction materials. Spinners, weavers and manufacturers of Asbestos yarns, cloths, tapes, packings and jointings.



HERE'S TO THE FUTURE!  
HAPPY DAYS—  
PEACE AND PROSPERITY  
AND MORE

**GILBEY'S**  
GIN AND  
GILBEY'S PORT



SHE'S A

### SCHOOLTEACHER

—but who would guess she's been on her feet all day?

Women on the busy side tell us that Selberite Arch Preserver Shoes let them work hard and enjoy life—without a trace of foot fatigue. So we give credit where credit is due; to Selberite.

- world famous steel arch bridge for firm support.
- individually placed meta-tarsal pad for foot comfort.
- perfectly flat innersole for a comfort-dividend.



*Selberite*



**ARCH PRESERVER Shoes**



*Please return*



**BRYLCREEM**  
*bottles when empty*



There is an acute shortage of bottles. So if you will return the empties to the shop where you get your Brylcreem it will help us to keep up supplies.

**THANK YOU!**





## GOOD THINGS

*come by two and two—*

*The sunshine and the shade,  
Punt and river, rod and line,  
The lover and his maid;  
Gorse and heather, hill and dale,  
Eggs and chicken coops,  
Bees and clover, sea and sky,  
SYMINGTON'S AND SOUPS.*

W. SYMINGTON & CO. LTD.,  
MARKET HARBOROUGH.

## From an Army Chaplain in Italy



### "Some Sappers presented me with a much battle-scarred tin of Barneys"

"Sirs,

You may be disposed to consider this experience worthy of inclusion in your immortal world-saga of "Barneys" Tobacco.

One of the sad sights of Tobruk in the difficult days was the spectacle of sunken ships, a constant reminder of risks taken to provide us, and a formidable reason for the strictness of our rationing. Much later, when we were in Palestine, awaiting embarkation for the invasion of Sicily, some friendly Sappers presented me with a much battered and battle-scarred tin of Barneys "Punchbowl." This tin was actually one of the number salvaged from a wreck in that famous harbour! If the comely tin had lost its neat appearance, the tobacco had lost no whit of its freshness, but smoked as fragrant and cool as if I had bought it in Glasgow the day before.

I am again on "Barneys," a provident NAAFI having given me a share of recently arrived stocks (although not in the familiar flat tin) but the memory of that "Punchbowl" is not the least pleasant of my happy recollections of the Holy Land."

[The original letter can be inspected]

TRIBUTE TO JOHN SINCLAIR'S  
**Barneys**

(273)

★ Barneys (medium), Parsons Pleasure (mild),  
Punchbowl (full). 2/9½d. oz.

